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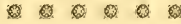
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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TATTOOING.

THE practice of tattooing the skin has probably, at one time or another, been

proud—at least until, having arrived at years of discretion, he sees the folly of his ways. Our sailors, too, are often tattooed with various designs symbolical of their calling. Prob-



A MAORI TATOO ARTIST.

universal throughout the world. We still, however, occasionally see the school boy disfiguring or adorning his arms and hands by rude tattooings, of which he is sufficiently

ably the origin of the habit of tattooing the body arose from the more primitive custom of painting the skin of various colors—a custom which has prevailed among all manner of

men from the earliest recorded times, even down to the present day.

When Cæsar first landed his legions on the shores of Albion, he found the gallant Britons of his time stained and decorated with the blue juice of the woad. Dr. Prichard tells us that the Red Indians owe their name, not to their copper-colored skins, but to the practice so common among them of painting the face, and sometimes even the whole body, of a brilliant scarlet hue. The great warriors did not, however, confine themselves always to a single tint, but might sometimes be seen with one side of the face ornamented with various-sized circles of vermilion, while the other side was plastered with alternate streaks of red and green. The tribes of the Amazons, too, are distinguished by the quaint and grotesque patterns with which they frequently paint their bodies, either to make them appear more terrible to their enemies or more pleasing to their friends. Nor is the art of painting the face confined entirely to the savages of either the Old or the New World. High-caste Brahmins may often be seen in India decorated with an occasional streak of red or white paint; and we are all acquainted with the delicate tints imparted to the skin by she-Brahmins nearer home by a judicious application of pearl powder and rouge.

From the temporary adornment of painting it was not an unnatural transition to adopt the practice of tattooing, by which means not only was the trouble of painting avoided, but some brilliant and startling effects could be produced, which were attainable in no other way. As America may be regarded as the chief seat of the art of painting, so in the islands of Polynesia does tattooing attain its greatest development, though, in fact, the custom prevails from New Zealand to Japan, and from Malay to the most western islands of the Pacific; while for the word itself we are indebted to the language of the South Sea Islanders.

Though tattooing is mainly resorted to for the purpose of ornamentation, occasionally there is some signification in the operation,

as when the Hawaiians tattooed their bodies in token of grief and respect upon the death of their king. The various designs tattooed upon the body sometimes serve, also, to indicate the rank, family or exploits of their bearer; in some parts of Africa, for instance, a long scar on the thigh indicates that the possessor of this coveted decoration has done bravely in war. Sometimes, too, the tribe or nation to which a negro belongs may be indicated by the design tattooed upon his face or body, such as "a pair of long cuts down both cheeks or a row of raised pimples down his forehead to the tip of his nose."

Among some tribes of Australians it is usual to tattoo new designs upon the skin upon any important occasion in the life of the individual; and sometimes tattooing appears among certain people to be analogous to the rite of armament of the newly-made knight during the middle ages; while it is curious to observe that the Tchukchis of Eastern Siberia, though completely clothed, are yet accustomed to tattoo themselves deeply, to show their prowess in hunting, in fishing, and in war.

In New Zealand a Maori woman would be regarded with scorn and disgust who had not at least her mouth tattooed, and her people would taunt her with the disgrace of having "red lips," so greatly do ideas of beauty differ. Upon whom the duty of performing the unpleasant operation devolves it is not always easy to determine: sometimes it is performed by the old women of the tribe, but when the tattooing possesses any religious or symbolical meaning, as it does among the Alforians, or Alfourous, who inhabit the interior of New Guinea, it is carried out either by a priest or by a great chief of the tribe to which the acolyte belongs.

The most common form of tattooing is that produced by making small punctures in the skin and rubbing into them some coloring matter, generally the colored juice of some native plant. But in Polynesia the operation is by no means limited to simple punctures. When, for instance, a youthful brave of Fiji,

of New Zealand, or of the Marquesas is to be tattooed, a drawing of the design which it is proposed to produce is made either upon a bone knife, made for the purpose, which cuts deeply into the flesh, leaving upon the part thus operated upon an exact reproduction of



TATTOOED MARQUESAN CHIEF.

leaf or upon a fragment of thin and pliant bark. This drawing is applied to the skin, and the lines are then followed with a sharp

the design intended. Into the wounds produced by this painful process is introduced not only coloring matter of various kinds,

but also vegetable irritants, particularly wood ashes, which retard the healing process, and frequently result in the production of hard ridges, raised considerably above the regular level of the skin. The Maori warriors are particularly addicted to this most painful practice, and are often to be seen covered with complicated patterns in relief, not dissimilar to those designs which they are accustomed to carve upon their paddles, clubs or canoes.

Sometimes tattooing would seem to take the place of clothing; not only taking away all appearance of nakedness, but often being highly ornamental. The Polynesians, for instance, are frequently covered with arabesques, circles and other designs, which produce a most graceful effect; while in Japan there is no end to the extraordinary representations which are to be met with upon some of the votaries of the fashion of tattooing.

Popular as is the practice of tattooing throughout the whole of the islands of the Pacific, the extent to which it is carried by different tribes varies considerably. The painful operations undergone by many of the New Zealanders have been described by some travelers as resembling the crimping of fish more than anything else; and sometimes these operations occupy months, and even years, in their progress to perfection; while it is evident that the profuse decorations of the Japanese must occupy a very considerable period for their production, and must often entail the most acute suffering during that time. Among others, the Pelew Islanders were observed by Micklucho-Maclay, during his voyage in Micronesia in 1876, to be tattooed to a less degree than their neighbors, the Japanese and other Polynesians; but this was accounted for, not by their greater indifference to personal adornment, but by the fact that they were unable to support the physical shock produced by tattooing upon a large scale. So great, indeed, is the shock to the nervous system, that the health generally suffers under the operation, and death itself has been known to result from the laud-

able desire of the unfortunate islanders to possess as highly decorated a cuticle as their neighbors.

Among the American Indians, who, as already observed, are distinguished by their love of gaudy and grotesque painting, the custom of tattooing, though known, is but seldom practised, and is sometimes even regarded as a disgraceful and ignominious kind of mutilation. But in Africa it is almost as common as in the islands of the Pacific, though possessing none of the complicated and æsthetic qualities of the Polynesian tattooing. Generally, indeed, the Africans confine themselves to rough incisions, which produce coarse, raised scars, and to rows of small pimples upon the cheeks and temples, and sometimes upon other parts of the body, such as are respectively seen among the Bantetochs of Loango, on the western coast, and the Barobras and the Bejas of the Nile. The Bongos are, however, sometimes completely covered with tattooing, which consists, not in a series of punctures, but in groups of long incisions, the healing of which is retarded by the use of irritant substances until strongly-raised ridges are produced. The natives of Ouwinuza, on the famous Lake Tanganyka, indulge in a more tasteful form of tattooing, covering the body with spirals, circles, straight lines, and other simple figures; while at Kasangalohowa, upon the same lake, the natives, according to Cameron, wear a line of tattooing down the middle of the forehead, and two similar rays upon the temples, which are sometimes continued to the chin, and which he regards as distinctive of the tribe. West of Lake Tanganyka the same traveler describes both sexes as being tattooed in an irregular manner, the frightful scars left by the deep gashes inflicted during the process being often of the most repulsive appearance.

A form of tattooing existing among the negroes of the African coast has been described by Dr. Tavano. A long, thick steel needle is introduced obliquely under the skin to a depth varying with the size of tattooing

desired. By means of this needle the skin is drawn up as by a lever, and thus gathered into a kind of ball, or knob, which when healed forms a more or less regular sphere. These strange ornaments are generally placed below the nose and upon the lobes of the ears, and are affected as a rule only by the men. The operation, which must be an extremely painful one, is performed during extreme youth, possibly because no one who has attained to riper years would be willing to undergo the necessary amount of torture.

Even higher in the scale of civilization, tattooing still holds a place; and not only Hindoos, but also Arab women may yet be seen endeavoring to add to their personal charms by slight touches of indigo beneath the skin of their faces, arms and ankles. Nor must we forget that our own fair daughters still have their ears pierced with a view to their own personal adornment; and though we may stigmatize the more painful and elaborate tattooing of the Polynesians as savage and barbarous in the extreme, we should still remember that we have not ourselves quite abandoned those habits of mutilation for which doubtless we are indebted to our early and almost equally barbarous progenitors.

INCIDENT AT MT. TRUMBUL.

WHEN the St. George temple was being built a party of men were sent to Mt. Trumbul for the purpose of sawing out lumber for the finishing of that building. Oxen were used for "logging" and other heavy draft work, as the slow-plodding but sure-footed beasts were in every way more suitable for this class of work than horses. The Dixie country, from where these cattle were brought, is almost a desert so far as natural pasturage is concerned, and although the slopes of the mountain and the country on either side of the saw mill was knee-deep with good, green grass, the cattle were strangely persistent in trying to escape and return to their former home.

It was not uncommon for three or four of the mill hands to have to go three or four times a week track to them down and bring them back. They alternated this exasperating task with night herding, but neither was very pleasant.

One morning the men discovered about daylight that all the oxen had left camp. Six men were detailed to track them down, and after a hasty breakfast they started out upon the plainly visible trail. About eleven o'clock the trail showed that the cattle had taken diverging paths, and the men were obliged to do the same. There were now only three in each party, and the three of whom I wish to tell you were rather young and inexperienced. After noon they sat down and ate their lunch by the side of a little spring.

They resumed the discouraging trail, but had gone less than half a mile when one of them saw an Indian on the crest of a ridge half a mile away.

To meet Indians in those days was not always safe for unarmed travelers, and although there were three of the boys and only one Indian in sight they naturally felt some apprehension. They were entirely unarmed, and it is not often that an Indian is found alone.

Almost at the same moment the Indian saw the three boys, and without a moment's hesitation started toward them, running at the top of his speed.

The boys stopped, and while keeping a wary eye on all sides for signs of his companions, waited for him to approach them. As he came within hailing distance he shouted one word over and over again in a queer, rasping voice, but they could not understand him. He came on quite rapidly until within a few rods of where they stood, and fell headlong.

They saw something was wrong, and picked him up. They tried to stand him on his feet, but he seemed unable to stand. His glittering eyes fairly devoured them, and he pointed to his mouth and talked and talked but they could not understand.

About the Indian's body was bound a nar-

row leathern thong, so tightly drawn that he seemed almost cut in two. One of the boys remarked this, and tried to cut it, but the Indian objected. They offered him the remnant of their food, but with a cry of despair he refused it, while he beat his emaciated breast in a frenzy.

To see a human being thus suffer and be unable to relieve him so absorbed the attention of the boys that they forgot to look for either Indians or the missing cattle. The Indian now stretched himself out on the ground with the evident intention of dying. The boys decided that the fellow was crazy, but thought they would carry him back to the spring, and leave one of their number with him, while the other two went on after the cattle. But no sooner did the apparently dying Indian see the water than he changed his mind. That was what he wanted: he was perishing for water.

The boys said that as he drank he loosened gradually the thong that was about his waist. He would lie down and drink about a quart, then spring up and run round a fifty-yard circle and loosen the thong about an inch. Then he would repeat the performance. This he kept doing, although the boys made some attempts to stop him, until he was satisfied.

He stayed around the mill several days, until thoroughly recuperated, and no bad results followed his copious drinking. He was a stranger in that part of the country, and had got lost from a hunting party. He told the boys that there was no salt in the luxurious growth of grass, which was the reason that no grass-eating animals long remained.

Rock salt was hauled and scattered over the range, and there was no more trouble about keeping the cattle.

Ellen Jakeman.

THERE is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards the love of others, which, if it be not spent upon one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable.

WHY I LOVE THE GOSPEL.

THERE are so many "whys" that I can only attempt to give one of them here. But this one was brought more vividly and gratefully to my mind the other day while reading a little book by Walter Besant, entitled, "The Children of Gibeon." Although this book is what is termed a novel, its whole purpose seems to be to present the very essence of true Christianity, of the Christ spirit and light, in a most touching way.

It is a charming story of an English girl, wealthy and of noble blood—the latter in more than the merely aristocratic sense—who forsakes her life of luxury and ease, goes down among the poor, forsaken, over-worked girls of London, who are fighting the terrible battle of life against competition and temptation, lives with them, shares their life of squalid poverty, patiently endures their distrust, their insults, their ingratitude, until, by her unfeigned love and persevering sympathy, she conquers their pride and hardness, melts their souls into tenderness and gratitude and lifts them into the sunlight of inward hope and peace, and an outward life of comparative comfort and blessed usefulness. Though in one sense a work of fiction, it is really a beautiful and truthful delineation of the glorious work which God and all who are working in harmony with Him are and always have been doing. To me it seems a presentation of the true spirit and life-work of Jesus Christ and His real followers in an attractive form that may reach many hearts and lead them to consecrate themselves to the service of God and humanity.

Now this is precisely the kind of work which so-called "Mormonism" has been doing ever since its inception. For over sixty years its missionaries have forsaken homes of comfort, if not of wealth, and have gone out without money or other earthly reliance, depending only on God. Their message—though addressed to rich and poor alike—has been welcomed chiefly by the poor, the down-trodden, the oppressed. It is among this

class, principally, that they have labored. With them they have lived and sympathized, have shared their coarse and scanty food, passed days and nights in their poor and, oft-times, repulsive dwellings, unworthy the name of "home," have suffered with them, sympathized with them—in short, entered into their lives, uplifted them in soul with the inspiration of a higher and holier life and destiny, nor left them until they were transplanted in body to a land where they could enjoy those unspeakable blessings of freedom and access to natural opportunities for spiritual growth and material prosperity to which they never could attain in the land of their birth. All this "Mormonism" has been quietly and unassumingly, but patiently and perseveringly, doing for sixty years. It had no money to begin with. It has made no sensational appeals to the world for aid. It has taught its believers to help themselves and trust in God, whose blessings have been abundantly added. Occasionally a little help has come from philanthropic souls outside of its pale. But, in the main, it has had to carry on its generous and self-sacrificing work of salvation and redemption against the bitterest, most determined and powerful opposition from professedly religious people, governments and even the very individuals it was trying to bless.

"Mormonism," as it is called, the gospel of Jesus Christ as it really is, has taken many a man from the bowels of the earth, where he seldom saw the light of day, lifted him into God's beautiful sunshine, opened his eyes to the glories of the material and spiritual universe, filled him with new hopes and aspirations, inspired him with a nobler manhood, filled him with holier aims and ambitions, given him greater opportunities in life and placed him in conditions where—even if too late in this life for him to reap the full benefit of his environments—his children have developed into a better, higher, happier, broader, more prosperous and useful manhood and womanhood. To have been permitted to be the instrument of this blessing, even one

soul is reward enough for all the privations and labors a missionary's life has involved. Its far-reaching, beneficent consequences eternity alone can unfold.

What General Booth, with his Salvation Army, is doing, and is applauded by the whole world for doing and being helped in doing, "Mormonism" was doing before he was ever heard of, and is still doing, notwithstanding it has been maligned, and cursed, and hindered in its labors and punished in every way its opponents could devise, for trying to preach the gospel of hope and self-help and God-help to the poor.

Of course, General Booth is not without opposition. There are narrow minds who, while unwilling to exert their little finger to lift the crushing burdens from the poor, scent danger in the possibility that if General Booth succeeds in removing any considerable number of these very poor to some other country, that he will establish himself as their political as well as spiritual leader. And suppose he should. What better or wiser thing could he do for them? That is precisely the cry raised about "Mormonism." But of what avail would it be to gather out the poor, the ignorant, the untrained, the vicious, if you please, those unaccustomed to self-control and destitute of the knowledge and power to direct and care for themselves—to dump thousands of these human waifs into the cities of the new world or into the heart of Africa without leaders in whom they had confidence to advise, direct and lead them, and hold them together? They might as well, or better, have stayed where they were. Who does not know that colonization necessitates organization, both civil and religious, if the design is to improve the condition of the colonists. If General Booth can take the "scum" of London's populace, with whom the powers that rule there can do nothing, and transplant them to new surroundings, organize them and develop them into an orderly, law-abiding, self-sustaining community, who will not bid him God-speed? And when the real facts about what

the Latter-day Saints are trying to do, and the truth regarding the motives that prompt them, the best and wisest of our race will bid them God-speed, too.

I love the gospel, then, because, it blesses our race mentally, morally, spiritually and physically, because it brings glad tidings to the poor, hope to the hopeless, strength to the weak, light to those who are blind to the infinite blessings and beauties around them, faith and courage and joy to those who are fainting beneath the burdens imposed on them by false social, religious and political systems; because it not merely fits men and women for some future unknown heaven, but saves them here and now by making them better, wiser, happier, nobler and more useful in all the relations and circumstances of the present life.

W. H. S.

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH IN ZION'S CAMP.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111.)

THE labors and duties that necessarily had to be performed by the members of Zion's Camp, day after day and night after night, were very fatiguing. The large majority of them walked the most of the way. The Prophet was relieved of this task. His duties were such that he had provided himself—extra from his baggage wagons—with a light, open carriage. Frequently he was under the necessity of driving several miles out of the course to be traveled by the main body of the camp, in order to transact business or hold an interview with some of the leading men, in order to allay excitement which here and there existed in opposition to our passing through the country with so large and well-disciplined a force. Often he was under the necessity of taking a few men with him. When there was no business of this character to be attended to, he frequently would take his brother Hyrum or some two or three leading men with him to ride, for the purpose,

no doubt, of consulting upon the best and wisest measures to be adopted in order to meet certain difficult circumstances that seemed to menace our advance.

A complication of difficulties seemed to become more and more frequent as we traveled to the west and neared the place of our destination. At times the possibility of reaching the western counties of Missouri seemed dark and forbidding, and had it not been for the firm trust the Prophet and all in camp had in the overruling hand of God, we certainly would have been inclined to abandon all idea of being permitted to pass through the country much nearer to the setting sun. But night after night the prayers of the faithful ascended into the ears of Jehovah to soften the hearts of the people towards us, as we had no design of violence or evil against them or their country. We traveled by faith, and the Lord heard our importunities.

It must have been the 22nd of June, 1834, that we camped at Fishing River, in the State of Missouri, as that is the date of a very important revelation received by the Prophet Joseph Smith. This revelation will be found commencing on page 377 of the third electrotype edition of the Doctrine and Covenants. Persons reading this revelation will obtain authentic reasons why Zion's Camp was started from Kirtland, Ohio, to journey into the western portion of the State of Missouri. The reasons there given are plain and will relieve me of the necessity of trying to give explanations in my own language. I will try, however, to give my readers, as well as I can, an understanding of the scenes that transpired at the place of our encampment, there and in the region round about.

As near as memory serves me it was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 22nd, 1834, that the camp made a halt and camped upon the bank of Fishing River. I am not certain whether the revelation here referred to was received on the very day we reached that point or whether it was received during the following day. I have an impression

that this revelation was received the morning after. It will perhaps be sufficient to know that this revelation was received during the time the camp remained at that place.

When we reached Fishing River the day was warm and very pleasant. I think there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky. We found the river in fine condition for fording. The water was reported, by the brethren who went down to it where the road crossed, to be not over knee-deep. Of course, we had plenty of time and might easily have crossed and made our encampment on the opposite shore long before dark; but the brethren felt impressed not to cross the stream at that time. We were soon busy pitching our tents and placing the wagons in position, as was our custom.

While we were building fires and commencing to prepare supper, two or three men rode hastily into camp and commenced a blasphemous tirade about "Jo Smith and the G—d d—d Mormons." They wanted to know what the h—l so many of us were traveling through the county for. They swore that we had got to our journey's end. They declared also that a large force, consisting of several hundred armed men, would be at the ford on the opposite side of the river in a short time, and that our company would all be slaughtered before morning.

The Prophet remonstrated firmly but quietly with them. He tried to calm their excited minds by assuring them that we had nothing but peaceable intentions toward the inhabitants.

I thought the men were intoxicated; but whether this was their condition or not they certainly were very earnest and loud-spoken in their denunciations of the Mormons and "Jo Smith," as they called him. During this parley—entirely unexpected on our part—the entire camp naturally gathered around them. Their position was on the main traveled road, on both sides of which our tents had been pitched. Joseph and a few of the leading men happened to be near the spot where they halted and commenced their an-

gry declamation. I was at the outskirts of the brethren, who were quite densely massed around the rude intruders; but still near enough to note the contrast manifest between Joseph and the brethren and that of the rough, demoniacal appearance of these men as they sat upon their horses and swung their arms uncouthly around to give emphasis to their wicked threats of slaughter.

Joseph maintained his usual dignity of demeanor. They failed to draw from him any angry resentment of words. He firmly and kindly assured them, however, that the remaining portion of our journey would be characterized by the same moderation and justice towards the inhabitants as had been the case all along our route of travel; that we had not asked any aid from the people except we had paid the price asked for what we had obtained; and he intended to pay a just equivalent for all supplies furnished us until our journey was ended. He only asked to travel peaceably through the country as an American citizen, with no intention other than to fully respect the rights of the citizens. He did not quail before them a particle, but took all the pains possible in the short time the men tarried to correctly inform them as to the honesty and justice of our motives.

The men finally reined up their horses and spurred away, still shouting their anathemas to the effect that our company were all to be massacred during that night.

These men were gone just long enough for us to look around a little, when we observed the sky was being rapidly overcast with densely dark and angry clouds. I think we had not all finished eating our suppers, when the rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied with terribly fierce wind. So violent was the wind and torrents of rain that neither our wagons nor tents afforded us protection, and we were quickly drenched and almost unable to stand against the fierceness of the blast. Our condition was indeed critical.

Close by where we were encamped was a large log meeting-house. We had no alternative but to seek shelter within the strong

walls of this building. The door was found locked, but the windows were easily raised and we hastily found ingress thereby. Had it not been for that shelter our suffering must have been great—the effects from which might have been fatal to some of us at least.

I have witnessed rain storms in various portions of the earth, but nothing I have ever experienced has equaled that storm in point of the terrible fierceness of the wind and the immensity of water that fell. What added to the destructiveness of the storm were the missiles of hail that were hurled in vast quantities by the currents of wind that rushed and roared through the woods which surrounded our place of shelter, causing the sound of falling trees and massive limbs to add additional terrors to the general clang of the storm.

The vast electric artillery of the expansive firmament seemed to be in a state of rapid combustion, so that night, which otherwise would have been as dark as night could possibly become, was at times rendered so light that we could look far out beyond the swaying trees, and falling and splintered branches hurled along the air and striking the earth with a fury that made us truly thankful for the protecting walls of the strong blockhouse that rendered us secure from the perils of that exciting hour. The elemental phenomena of that night were certainly a strange mixture of hail and rain, light and darkness, alternating in successive motion as if vieing with each other to become champions in the strife.

The heavens above us were so completely lit up by the electric display that the dense and sombrous clouds appeared as ponderous masses floating through luminous areas of glowing light. We looked and gazed through the protecting windows of our place of refuge, and amazement filled our minds as we contemplated the inimitable wonders of the God of nature.

The voice of thunder uttered anathemas against the enemies of truth and righteousness, who were massed with arms across the river, ready at that hour to fall upon us and

spill our blood. And that thunder shook the very earth with terrible force, as if threatening to open its caverns and engulf whatever existed upon its surface within the range of that perilous storm. But our trust was in Jehovah, and we looked confidently for His preservation, for we knew, by the faith that the gospel had implanted in our hearts, that the arm of the Eternal Father was stretched out for our preservation.

I cannot relate how our animals fared outside; but the peltings of the rain and hail hurled against them by such fierce wind as blew through that night must have tortured them unmercifully. I understood, however, that they, as much as possible, were placed at the lee side of the wagons and the large building that sheltered us. Nearly everything in our wagons was wet and unfit for use until overhauled and dried.

At length the terrible night was passed and a glorious morning's sun chased away the darkness and revealed for our inspection the fragmentary condition of the woods and fields. A visible change had been wrought by the warring elements. The work of havoc and devastation met the eye in every direction. Trees were uprooted and limbs hurled in great quantities to the earth. But the brightness of the new-born day and the reviving warmth of the June sun re-assured all nature. The birds of the woods hymned their unwritten notes of sweetness and twittered through the branches as if to search out the new disasters that had befallen their wonted resorts.

The brethren also partook of the genial influence. They rejoiced in the morning's effulgence and thanked God that He had preserved them and revived within them an increase of faith in His overruling providences. They took hasty excursions here and there and found the storm had left its destructive mark to an extent that surpassed expectation. From the place of our encampment we heard the roar of water in the river and in a short time some of our men returned and declared that the water in Fish-

ing River was forty feet deep! When we made our encampment there it was no more than knee deep. What did we understand by this? We understood that the Almighty had sent that storm for the special preservation of Zion's Camp. This was a great truth that was plain to our comprehension and the gratitude we felt to our Heavenly Father was such that melted our hearts with thankfulness.

As soon as we well could we prepared for starting, after partaking of a scanty breakfast. We found the road in many places strewn with limbs and a few trees, some of which we had to remove before we could proceed. Of course the roads were muddy and our progress was anything but rapid. After we had traveled a few miles we came to a friendly family who received us with feelings of humane sympathy. We camped at that place and took time to rest and recover to some extent from the fatigues and exposures of the night. The Prophet Joseph there made a speech to the members of the camp, and, if I remember correctly, a few strangers were present. Joseph spoke almost with superhuman force and clearness. He told us that the storm had been sent by the God of Israel to place a barrier between us and our enemies, to prevent them from falling upon us during the night to massacre us, as the men who rode into our camp the evening before had declared was the intention. We soon learned from the inhabitants that this was certainly in the program of a few hundred men to do who were posted not far from the ford on the opposite shore.

Could we now have the prophetic declarations made by the Prophet Joseph in his speech at that place they would be far above the value of gold. They were of such import that no man but an inspired servant of Jehovah could have uttered them. I can see him to this day, in memory, as his tall, manly form stood erect and commanding. His face shone with the light of the Holy Spirit, his mild blue eyes fairly sparkled with the fire of the divinity that possessed his

being. I can only let that scene live in memory, and thank my Heavenly Father that I heard that mighty man in the days of my youth, when early impressions are not apt to die.

He declared the storm of that night was to be numbered among the manifestations which were to follow in the last days in defense of the house of Israel, scattered among the nations of the earth. He said the fury of elements would yet waste away the wicked, and floods would overflow the river banks and sweep the precious fruits of soil from the possession of those who had labored to mature them. The sea would sweep beyond its bounds and work wonderful havoc, and that earthquakes would shake the earth and cast down the dwellings of those whose hearts rebelled against the everlasting gospel. God would visit the wicked nations with just retribution, for many of them would harden their hearts against the testimony of the humble ambassadors of truth; that the time was nigh when He would have a controversy with the people of the earth, for they would yet shed the blood of His prophets and cast out His people from their borders. These sayings were not uttered in the exact words here written, but this will convey to the reader a portion of the substance of his declarations. He said also that Jehovah had commanded that journey to be taken and He would protect the members of the camp to their place of destination; that no hand should prosper that should be lifted against them, if they would continue to be united and faithful in walking by the counsel that should be imparted to them from time to time by the influence of the Spirit of the Great Jehovah.

L. O. Littlefield.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

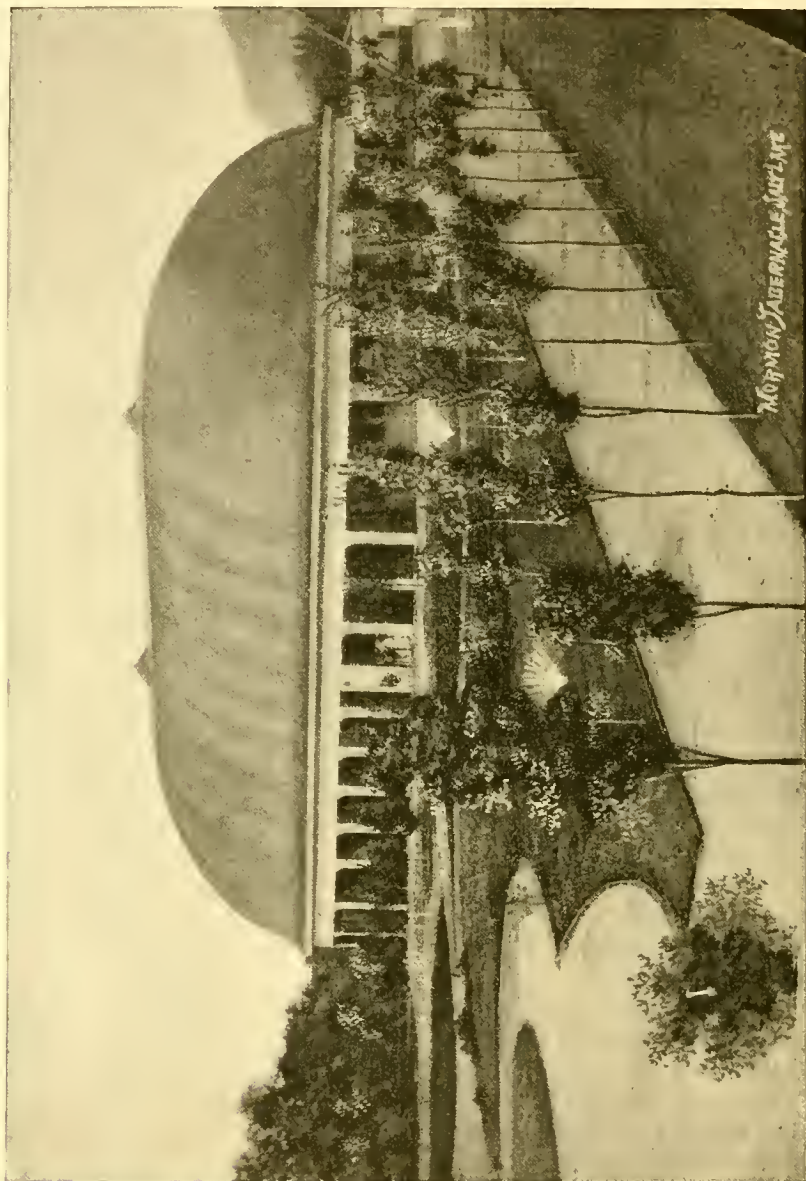
You may imprison innocence; you cannot punish it.

I WOULD rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE.

THE building which the accompanying engraving illustrates is so familiar to the

tourists and strangers look upon it. It may be, too, that many who have seen the building hundreds of times, are not aware that for several reasons it is a very remarkable structure.



TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

people of Utah that no description is necessary. By those to whom it is so well known it is not viewed with the same interest that

Although not very attractive in outward appearance, the tabernacle in Salt Lake City is remarkably adapted to the purpose for

which it was built. It is in size 250 feet long, 150 feet wide and 90 feet high. The capacious interior, so well ventilated, is capable of seating 12,000 persons. Having so many doors, a congregation of this size might in case of necessity make their exit in less than one minute.

The roof of the Tabernacle is credited with being the largest one in the world constructed of wood, without inside supports or pillars. It is formed of trestle work which rests upon piers surrounding the outside wall, and is similar to the arches of a great suspension bridge.

One thing the Tabernacle is noted for the world over is its wonderful acoustic properties. The sound of a pin dropping on the floor or the faintest whisper uttered in one end of the building can be distinctly heard in the opposite end.

The organ, too, is greatly admired for its fine tone, and is the second largest in size in the United States. To hear the excellent choir of 300 voices accompanied by this grand instrument is a treat worth traveling a few miles to enjoy.

During the summer months tourists by the tens of thousands visit the Tabernacle as one of the most interesting points of interest in this western country.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Prize for Communicating with Mars— Influenza's Victims.

A PRIZE of one hundred thousand francs has been bequeathed to the Science section of the Institute of France for the person who shall discover within ten years from the present time a means of communicating with a star or planet and of receiving a reply therefrom.

This is a strange bequest.

The person who made it is an aged lady who died last summer. She provided that if the Institute of France did not accept the

legacy, it should pass to the Institute of Milan, and if that Institute refused, it should pass to the Institute of New York. But the French Academy of Sciences has accepted the legacy.

This lady, in making this singular bequest, had undoubtedly in view the planet Mars, to which considerable attention and investigation have been directed of late. Some astronomers have gone so far as to think that it might be possible to enter into communication with the inhabitants of Mars—that is, supposing Mars has any inhabitants.

Astronomers assert that Mars already communicates with the earth by attraction and by light. They say the space which stretches between the worlds does not separate them. On the contrary, it unites them. All the stars touch each other by the attraction of gravitation; and neither Venus, nor Mars, nor Jupiter approaches the earth, even at a distance of millions of leagues, without our planet feeling it and being displaced by sympathy. Light, also, throws a bridge, it is said, from the earth to the heavens.

What astronomers now long for, and what probably will come to pass, they think, some day, is a more subtle means—a means more human—of communication. The idea of communication between the earth and the planets was first suggested with respect to the moon. Astronomers say that a triangle traced in lines of light on the surface of the moon, each side of which would be from eight to ten miles long, would be visible from our earth by the aid of our telescopes. They say that details very much smaller than this are observed on the moon's surface. It follows, then, that a triangle, a square or a circle of the dimensions stated constructed upon the earth, upon a vast plain, by means of luminous points, reflected in the daytime by the light of the sun and lighted at night by electricity, would be visible to the astronomers of the moon—that is, if there are astronomers, and if they have instruments like our telescopes and as good. If there were such astronomers, the proposition would be to

change the triangle into a square; then some months later change it to a circle; and it would follow—so these persons who reason in this way think—that these changes in the figures would reveal without question the presence of some one familiar with geometry upon the neighbor world.

It is a question whether Mars, which is so interesting a planet, and which at the present time attracts so much attention, is inhabited; but when this world is examined through the telescope, the astronomer sees polar snows that melt in the summer, continents clearly defined, mediterranean seas with their great gulfs, and delightful and varied landscapes; and they cannot refrain from asking whether the sun that lights that world as it does our own, shines upon nothing living there; whether the showers which fall there fertilize nothing; whether that atmosphere is breathed by no living being; and whether that beautiful world of Mars, which whirls with such rapidity through space, is like a railway train traveling empty, without passengers, without merchandise. It seems unreasonable to believe that our earth could take its course as it does about the sun without being inhabited by any manner of creature. Men who have bestowed thought upon this subject find it very difficult to entertain such an idea. And they cannot imagine why the forces of nature, which act upon Mars as they do here, could eternally remain inactive and unfruitful.

As Latter-day Saints, our religion teaches us that worlds like that of Mars and our own earth are not created for nothing, but that they are created as abodes for human beings.

The distance of Mars from the earth is such that although it is much larger than the moon, it yet appears, when it is nearest to us, to be sixty-three times smaller. A telescope, therefore, of sixty-three magnifying power shows Mars to the observer to be of the size that our moon appears to us to have to the naked eye. But for the people of Mars to see triangles, squares or circles upon our planet, it would be necessary to construct

them of an immense size, and it would be necessary also for them to have telescopes of great magnifying power. To have communication, however, by this means, even if Mars is inhabited, the people there would have to be versed in astronomy. They would have, as already said, to possess optical instruments of great power. It would be necessary also that our planet should be observed with care by the astronomers of Mars. Our planet is to them a splendid star of the first magnitude—the morning or the evening star; and in fact the most brilliant star in their sky.

We understand that Mr. Edison, who has already made such marvelous discoveries, is directing his attention and thought to some means of communication with the planet Mars, by means of which, if Mars is inhabited, the attention of the people there will be attracted to our earth. It seems like an impossibility to an ordinary mind ever to succeed in obtaining communication between our planet and any other; but if it be the will of the Lord that such an achievement should be accomplished, He could easily bring it about by moving upon the inhabitants of our own earth and those of another planet to attempt the feat. The wonderful discoveries which have been made in our day are of such a character as to furnish hope for apparently impossible things to be done. Fifty years ago it appeared equally as impossible for the inhabitants of the continent of Europe to communicate with the inhabitants of the continent of America in a few seconds of time, as it does now to us to hold communication between this earth and other earths. When the Lord prepares the way for such wonders as this to be accomplished, it becomes a very simple matter. It appears very simple at the present time for the people of our earth to communicate with each other over distances of thousands of miles, by means of electricity; yet in the boyhood of many men now living it would have been deemed a miracle—that is, it would have been thought necessary to suspend some law of nature to accomplish it.

In addition to the newspaper and medical opinions concerning "the influenza" quoted in the last number, we find in the *Pail Mall Gazette* (London,) January 27th, 1892, the following startling declaration in the speech of Mr. Smee, M. R. C. S.:

The society [Gresham Insurance Company] had paid £52,700.00 for deaths caused directly by influenza, which had cost them two-and-a-half times more loss in two years than cholera had done in forty-three years. Cholera was a disease which was fatal to the ill-fed and dissolute; influenza to the well-nourished and the brain workers. He believed that influenza had destroyed more persons during the last three months, whose lives were of value to their representative countries, than cholera had done in the previous fifty years.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129.]

ELDER JOHN M. CHIDESTER, of Washington, Washington County, Utah, joined the Church in its early days. He was born January 22, 1809, in New York, and was baptized in June, 1832. Of what he remembers of the Prophet he says:

"My first recollection of seeing the Prophet Joseph Smith was at a place about sixty or seventy miles from Kirtland, where two companies of Zion's Camp met. My impression on beholding the Prophet and shaking hands with him was, that I stood face to face with the greatest man on earth. I testify he was a Prophet of God.

"Zion's Camp, in passing through the State of Indiana, had to cross very bad swamps, consequently we had to attach ropes to the wagons to help them through, and the Prophet was the first man at the rope in his bare feet. This was characteristic of him in all times of difficulty.

"We continued our journey until we reached the Wakandaw River, having traveled twenty-five miles without resting or eating. We were compelled to ferry this stream; and we found on the opposite side of it a most desirable place to camp, which was a source of satisfaction to the now weary and hungry

men. On reaching this place the Prophet announced to the Camp that he felt impressed to travel on; and taking the lead, he invited the brethren to follow him.

"This caused a split in the camp. Lyman Wight and others at first refused to follow the Prophet, but finally came up. The sequel showed that the Prophet was inspired to move on a distance of some seven miles. It was reported to us afterwards that about eight miles below where we crossed the river a body of men was organized to come upon us that night.

"When we reached Salt Creek, Missouri, Alred settlement had prepared a place to hold meeting in. Joseph and Hyrum Smith and others were on the stand at the meeting when some strangers came in and were very anxious to find out which of them were Joseph and Hyrum, as they had pledged themselves to shoot them on sight. But the Prophet and his brother slipped away unobserved, being impressed that there was danger of their lives being taken."

ELDER HENRY W. BIGLER,

whose home is in St. George, Washington County, Utah, was born on the 28th of August, 1815, in Harrison County, Virginia. He joined the Church in July, 1837, and first met the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1838, at Far West, Missouri. Speaking of his first impressions of the Prophet, he says:

"I believed he was a man of God, had seen angels and conversed with them, yea, more; he had seen the Father and the Son, and was told there was not a true church on earth; and my testimony today is, Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God, and died a martyr, as also his brother Hyrum."

Among the instructions he heard from the Prophet's lips, he well remembers the following:

"Speaking about praying to our Father in heaven, I once heard Joseph Smith remark, 'Be plain and simple and ask for what you want, just like you would go to a neighbor

and say, I want to borrow your horse to go to mill.' I heard him say to some Elders going on missions, 'Make short prayers and short sermons, and let mysteries alone. Preach nothing but repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, for that was all John the Baptist preached.' "

ELDER JAMES LEECH,

who lives in Salt Lake City, relates the following incident in his experience on first meeting with the Prophet Joseph :

"I was born on the 2nd of May, 1815, at Pilling Lane, Lancashire, England. About the year 1827, my parents, with their family, moved to Preston. In the year 1835 I remember waking in the night and hearing my mother, who was a very religious and good woman, relating a dream or vision she had just had to my father. In this dream it had been shown to her that the gospel was going to come to the earth again as it was in the days of our Savior.

"In 1837 the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was taught anciently, came to old England, and was first heralded in Preston by President Heber C. Kimball, Brothers Joseph Fielding, Orson Hyde and Willard Richards. My mother's dream was fulfilled to her satisfaction, and she was one of the first to embrace the gospel. My three sisters joined soon after, but my father did not do so for some time.

"In the year 1841 Henry Nightingale, my sister's husband, began to prepare to gather with the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois. My sister asked me if I would like to go with them. I said I would, but did not think I was worthy to be baptized, as I was up to the time of my hearing the gospel what people called an infidel. As my parents were willing, I came to America with them. We sailed in the early part of May, 1841.

"After arriving in Nauvoo we were five or six weeks looking for employment, but failed to get any. One morning I said to my brother-in-law, 'Let us go and see the Pro-

phet. I feel that he will give us something to do.' He considered a short time, then consented to go. On arriving at his house we inquired for the Prophet. We were told he was over the road. So we went over, and found him in a little store selling a lady some goods. This was the first time I had had an opportunity to be near him and get a good look at him. I felt there was a superior spirit in him. He was different to anyone I had ever met before ; and I said in my heart, he is truly a Prophet of the most high God.

"As I was not a member of the Church I wanted Henry to ask him for work, but he did not do so, so I had to. I said, 'Mr. Smith, if you please, have you any employment you could give us both, so we can get some provisions?'

"He viewed us with a cheerful countenance, and with such a feeling of kindness said, 'Well, boys, what can you do?'

"We told him what our employment was before we left our native land.

"Said he, 'Can you make a ditch?'

"I replied we would do the best we could at it.

"'That's right, boys,' and picking up a tape line he said, 'Come along with me.'

"He took us a few rods from the store, gave me the ring to hold, and stretched all the tape from the reel and marked a line for us to work by.

"'Now, boys,' said he, 'can you make a ditch three feet wide and two and a half feet deep along this line?'

"We said we would do our best, and he left us. We went to work, and when it was finished I went and told him it was done.

"He came and looked at it and said, 'Boys, if I had done it myself it could not have been done better. Now come with me.'

"He led the way back to his store, and told us to pick the best ham or piece of pork for ourselves. Being rather bashful, I said we would rather he would give us some. So he picked two of the largest and best pieces of meat and a sack of flour for each of us, and asked us if that would do. We told him we

would be willing to do more work for it, but he said, 'If you are satisfied, boys, I am.'

"We thanked him kindly, and went on our way home rejoicing in the kind-heartedness of the Prophet of our God.

"In November of the same year I was baptized into the Church, and from that time until the martyrdom of our Prophet, I often had the privilege of seeing his noble face lit up by the Spirit and power of God, as he taught the Saints the principles of eternal life."

ELDER EDWIN HOLDEN,

an old veteran of the Church, and one who was intimately acquainted with Joseph Smith, makes the following statement in regard to what he recollects of the Prophet, and adds his testimony respecting his mission:

"The first time I saw Joseph Smith was in 1831, in Genesee, New York State, about twenty-five miles from the famous hill, Cumorah. On hearing that two men were there calling themselves 'Mormons,' I determined to see them. I rode on horseback fifteen miles from the place I was living to see them—Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. When I got to the place I learned that they were going to hold meeting in a barn. It was so crowded that it was with much difficulty I got inside; and by a great effort climbed up on one of the beams of the roof. There I could see and hear them distinctly.

"At the Temple in Kirtland I was also present after it had been dedicated. Patriarch Smith, Joseph's father, was my guide. He took me through the rooms, and also took me up into a room at the top of the house, where I saw the Egyptian mummies, and the papyrus from which Joseph translated the Book of Abraham. I also made there a purchase of a Book of Mormon, one of the first that had been translated and printed.

"In 1838 Joseph and some of the young men were playing various out-door games, among which was a game of ball. By and by they began to get weary. He saw it, and calling them together he said: 'Let us build

a log cabin.' So off they went, Joseph and the young men, to build a log cabin for a widow woman. Such was Joseph's way, always assisting in whatever he could.

"I knew many years ago—and the knowledge has been increasing every year—that Joseph Smith was God's Prophet. I also know that the Book of Mormon is true, and that the gospel of Christ is of a surety true, and my testimony has not abated, but has grown stronger and clearer every year. I am in my 85th year, and am ready at any time to go home, when the Lord my God sees fit to call me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNRECOGNIZED HEROES.

How many heroes in their graves are sleeping,
Whose worth was never known!
How many living martyrs still are weeping,
Disowned and left alone!

The monument that tow'rs to rank and station,
The bust of regal claim,
Had often fitter stand, in veneration
Of some neglected name.

The off'ring at the sacrificial altar,
Which heals another's breast;
The hand of love, that ne'er was known to falter,
Tells human stature best.

He is indeed the hero, when deception
His virtue hath beguiled,
Has courage left, to walk the right direction,
With spirit undefiled;

Who, in the midst of cold contempt and trial,
Is ready still to go,
With manly step, and ardent self-denial,
To win a heartless foe.

Such heroes, though the world may now despise them
As tame and servile ones;
Gods, angels, men, hist'ry yet shall prize them,
As earth's most noble sons.

J. C.

A MEAN TRICK.—"I can't pay this bill, doctor. It's exorbitant. I'm no better than I was, either." "That's because you didn't take my advice." "Ah—well—of course, if I didn't take it I don't owe you for it. Thanks. Good morning."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1892.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Suicide and Some of its Causes.



THE newspapers of Paris record in a startling manner the number of suicides which occur in that city. The readers who take notice of their statements must be impressed with the fact that self-murder is very common. The statistics which have been taken make this more plain even than the newspapers. They state that *out of every twenty deaths of adult males, one dies by his own hand!* What a frightful condition of things this must be!

What is it that leads to this horrible result? Why should Frenchmen be so ready to kill themselves?

Herein lies a lesson by which all parents should profit. We will try and lay this lesson as plainly as possible before the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Careful, painstaking observers state that marriage is growing more and more unpopular in France. Their statements on this point are sustained by the statistics. Under the system which prevails in that land, marriages are not formed as they are in this country. They are generally arranged by the parents; and young men and young women are brought together and married who have scarcely a thought in common with each other. Domestic peace, certainly, is often attained among persons who marry in this way at the price of mutual concessions on the part of husband and wife. Good manners, amiable temper, worldly interests and the tie of children, in many cases bring about a good understanding. In very many cases, however, husband and wife too often remain entire strangers to each other, their standards of life and conduct being entirely unlike.

One prominent author in treating upon

this subject says, that in France when a child is born, it calls from the mother a feeling akin to blind idolatry, and the husband and father holds a second place in his own house. This author, to show how different is the view held of wifely and motherly duty on opposite sides of the British channel—that is in France and England—says, when English wives of officers on foreign service remain with them, while they send their children home for education, French women regard such conduct with sentiments they hardly like to put into words. They view their children as having a far higher claim upon them than their husbands. A woman who considers her first duty as due to her husband appears to French women little short of a monster. Of course, in a society where such ideas prevail children are never crossed. All their whims are humored, from the cradle upwards. They never have any restraint put upon their wishes. And this is especially the case with the boys. The discipline to which children are subjected in many lands is not enforced in French households. The result is, boys are spoiled by this indulgence. When they grow up and meet with reverses or disappointments, or anything occurs that seriously interferes with that which they placed their hearts upon, many become desperate, and take refuge in suicide.

There must be some cause for such a number of people committing this terrible crime, and the description given by writers of the home life in France gives a plausible reason why it prevails so extensively. In what other way can it be accounted for? And if this be even partially the cause, what a lesson it furnishes! What a terrible penalty to pay for allowing children to grow up without restraint!

Are we justified in thinking that the taking of such a course in the training of children is attended with bad effects?

All human experience bears testimony to the fact that parents who permit their children to grow up without restraint, who humor and pet them and indulge them in every

whim are guilty of criminal neglect. They are not true friends to their children. They, through their folly, lay the foundation for the future wretchedness and, perhaps, misery of their children. They send their offspring into the world to cope with its evils and battle with its obstacles destitute of the training necessary to give them success. Until the defects in their training have been corrected by severe experience such children cannot be happy.

Children should be taught by their parents that they must be governed by the judgment of their parents; that the parents know better what is for their good than they themselves do. Submission to the parents' will is a necessary lesson. It lies at the foundation of all true obedience. Those who do not learn this lesson are not qualified to contend with the vicissitudes of this life. Indulgence has spoiled them. They have not been accustomed to meeting obstacles. True manliness or true womanliness has not been developed.

In these matters we should profit by the lessons which the Lord teaches His children. If mankind had their way, and all their wishes could be gratified, they would soon bring ruin upon themselves, because the very things which they would think best for them would be likely to prove their destruction.

But the Lord exercises a restraining influence upon them. He withholds from them many things which they would like to have, and which, if they had, would be injurious to them. Experience teaches Latter-day Saints, as they progress in life, that the Lord understands that which is good for them better than they do themselves. Looking back at their own lives this is proved to them. And this will doubtless be the case in eternity. The redeemed will see abundant reasons for praising God because of His kindness in bestowing upon them only those favors that were adapted to their condition, and in not granting all the unwise and improper desires which they entertained in the days of their inexperience.

AN OLD MAID'S DREAM.

HANNAH MIDDLETON felt like she would never be able to reach home, the streets were so nearly impassable, by reason of the January thaw that was reducing the snow of December to mud and slush.

She was not only weary in body, but there was a chill at her heart, and a sort of cold, impassive scorn and impatience of herself, and her life that weighed upon her heart like lead, and made her feet heavy and her steps uncertain.

She mechanically lit the lamp, and kindled a fire and laid aside her wraps, and water-soaked shoes and stockings. After redressing her feet, and hovering over the fire for a few moments, she arose and went into her tiny bedroom to make herself tidy and neat then into her kitchen pantry to see what she could find for a lunch. She brought her tray to the fire, and swallowed a few bites, and then pushed it away. There was a rising lump in her throat, and an ominous wrinkle in lip and brow and similar shadows in her dark gray eyes that betokened storm.

Briefly: Hannah Middleton was an old maid of that certain age termed "uncertain." She certainly had left all her May days behind her and June and July as well. Her parents were dead, and she lived alone in a little three-roomed house, and was "Aunt Hannah," to every person in the village.

Without being a professional nurse, she was one of those women to whom we turn instinctively in the hour of distress, accident or trouble, with perfect confidence and assurance. She laid out the dead, and stayed and made the house clean and tidy when everybody else went to the funeral; she nursed the sick babies of women whose maternal cares were heavier than they could well bear. She got up sewing "bees" for the woman with only one arm, and encouraged the young people to have "wood-hauling" and "wood-cutting" parties, and basket parties, where they had the fun and the needy received the benefit. She darned

stockings for this one, and took a much needed garment home and made it for another, and with the kindest words encouraged the despondent. The Bishop had fallen into the habit of sending for her on all occasions where the services of a good, efficient woman were needed in the ward, in whatsoever capacity, because he knew she would do what he asked her to, and would do it well; and as some of those whom she served remarked, "she hadn't chick nor child to hinder her."

She had been gone for a week, this time; a day here and a day there, and last had just come from putting the finishing touches to the pretty dress of a bride, who was the orphaned daughter of her own dearest girlhood friend. She had not stayed to the wedding as they had pressed her to do, but when she had done all she could to serve them had just slipped out and come home,—home to a house full of lurking memories, accumulated damp and chill of a week without fire.

Hannah Middleton suddenly arose and scrutinized her face in the square mirror above the fire, and did not seem well pleased by the reflection. Her thirty-seven years had not left her face as fresh and fair as it had been when she had been bridesmaid to the mother of the girl who was to be married that night. There was a certain latent strength in brow and chin that made them seem rather heavy but the lips were finely curved and warmly red, and the eyes were full of intelligence and sympathy, if the hair once so brown and abundant had begun to show silver threads and grow thin.

She looked at the fitful shadows playing "hide-and-seek" in the corners of the room and gave a little lonesome shiver. A tear rolled down her nose and fell among the live embers, when she thought of her parents whose memory had faded to a hallowed shadow of grief; she sighed when she thought of the lonely, incomplete life she had led, and the beauty and fragrance, and completeness—the warm human love that fills

some women's lives to overflowing—with their arms full of their own babies, and the strong chivalrous care of a man between them and want, and anxiety; thoughts awakened no doubt by the stolen kiss of solemn sweetness she had accidentally seen between the bride and bridegroom, and a picture through a carelessly drawn blind as she was hurrying home. She was outside in the mud and slush and cold, and where the red light shown out through the window she saw a fair young mother with her baby in her arms, a beautiful, plump, happy-looking baby, being prepared for bed; the husband and father leaned over the back of the chair, with a smile of fond and proud proprietorship, while a little maid of five or six years, in her flowing white night dress tiptoed for her good, night kiss.

A great sob, rose in her throat as she passed on with that one swift glance. She was not envying them their happiness, but she was so very, very lonely, and she sighed again when she thought about it.

Then with the inconsistency that is said to be a part of a woman's nature, Miss Middleton laughed at her reflection in the glass, accusing it of sentimentality. But the laugh was not a success, and ended in another sob, and the poor little old maid sank down in her easy chair and cried; cried because her heart was so empty and hungry for something she had not found in the paths of duty and self-abnegation her feet had trod.

"What did her life amount to, anyhow?" she asked herself.

"Nothing," she answered, "nothing but what died in the doing, was consumed and as if it had never been." Already she began to feel that she belonged to a past generation.

If the truth must be confessed, she had never had a lover that was worthy the name, had never had a love affair sad or otherwise, and she thought in this lonely hour if she only had a memory of a noble man and a worthy love to cling to and hold warmly to her heart, it would give color and perfume to the white, but scentless flowers of duty,

and make even the path whose inevitable termination is death, one which her feet could tread with joy. A sudden spasm of pain clutched her heart, and reminded her that to give way to such violent emotion was hardly a prudent thing for a person who had inherited heart disease. It gripped her heart like a band of iron, although she was making stern efforts to control herself, and even the physical pain did not prevent her from thinking that it would be very inconsiderate of her to die just after the holidays when every one was so tired, and make so much trouble for someone, and then there came a blank.

The next thing Hannah Middleton knew, she was standing in front of the fire whose warmth she could not feel, and by her side stood an angel as warmly, softly white, as a snow-cloud when the sun has gilded its edges.

"Are you the angel of death?" she asked as she inspected the splendid being more closely. "I always had an idea that he was all in black, and carried a long sword made of lightning."

"I am your guardian angel," said the being smiling faintly, but the lustrous eyes beamed upon her with such benign tenderness that her heart overflowed toward the angel, and she longed to cast herself down at its feet, but restrained the impulse and mentally gave thanks to God for all this goodness.

"And have you gone with me everywhere, through all the mud and slush, and the houses of sickness, and seen all the things I have had to do, and how ungraciously I have performed my tasks at times?" she asked in some trepidation.

"I have always been with you," the angel replied gravely; "come with me now for I have something to show you," and in a moment they were both outside.

As they passed swiftly along, she noticed that she could no longer feel the cold, and could see as well as in daylight, although able to distinguish that it was night upon the earth.

In just a moment they paused at a great

white city, whose uplifted towers and pinnacles glowed in the light of a dazzling sun. The angel opened the gate, and she entered a garden that seemed to have been planted and nourished by a master hand.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE ANGEL OF THE RAILROAD.

IN the waiting room of a railway station of one of the eastern provinces of Prussia there was great crowding and confusion; it was at an hour in the forenoon when several trains arrived and departed. Just as I entered the hall I heard the loud crying of a woman, and saw a crowd of people, in the midst of which was an old, poorly dressed female who constantly wrung her hands and cried.

The porter of the station of whom I enquired the cause of the sorrow, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "The poor woman has very likely lost her reason. She insists on being allowed to ride free on the railroad. She says that her daughter, who is in service at M—, twenty miles distant, is very sick, indeed at death's door. She desires to go to her child, and went to the ticket window where she refused to pay for the pass which was given her, merely saying that she had no money. The ticket was therefore withdrawn, whereupon she applied to the conductor to allow her to ride, but he could not, of course, grant her request. Now she stands here and weeps. Nearly everyone believes her demented, though some have given her trifling sums of money, but these are not sufficient for the journey, for if she now desires to reach her destination tonight she will have to take the fast train and that takes only first-class passengers at an advanced price."

The narration of the porter aroused my sympathy so much that I approached the woman to press into her hand a gold piece; but before I could do so a large, plainly-

dressed man pushed through the crowd, and taking the woman by the arm, led her to the ticket window. Here he enquired where she desired to go, and receiving her answer, paid her pass which he thrust into her hand and then took her to the train. Before she had time to thank him he seated her in the car and had closed the door of the compartment, and immediately the train started upon its journey.

This kind person seemed to take no notice of the astonishment which his benevolent act had created among the mass of people in the station. He watched the train for a moment, and then went to the office and purchased for himself a ticket for the train which he desired to take. I was pleased to see that it was the same train as that which I intended to use for my further journey.

"The old woman can indeed be thankful that Krantz came to the station today," said the porter to me as I again approached him. He is a strange fellow, this angel of the station."

"Who is this man," I enquired.

"Oh," answered the porter, "he is a cattle dealer from our place. A plain-appearing man, but very rich and exceedingly benevolent; especially here at the station and on the railroad. He helps every person that he can. Otherwise he is very close, and spends very little upon himself."

I must acknowledge that I was very much interested in the man, and therefore sought out the compartment in the train which he occupied. I succeeded in finding a seat immediately opposite to him.

The train moved out, and we rode perhaps a half hour without having addressed each other. He drew from his pocket a piece of bread and sausage which he began to eat with evident relish. As he noticed that I was observing him he said, "I always carry with me something to eat; in a station restaurant one does not receive very good food, and then it is so very dear. I don't like to have unnecessary expenses on a journey."

The penuriousness which was here ex-

hibited was in direct opposition to the liberality which he had shown in the purchase of the ticket for the old woman. His remark gave me an opportunity to speak with the man, and as he did not seem adverse to talking to me of his past life it was not long before he told me, at my request, of the manner in which he received the sobriquet of the "Angel of the Station."

"I am a native of Westphalia," he said, "but came at an early age to the eastern provinces, where I settled in my sixteenth year near to the Russian border. In Russia proper I had not been at that time, but carried on my business more especially in this neighborhood and in part of Austria and I had no inclination to make the acquaintance of the Russian people, and particularly that of the officers of the country; for what had been told me concerning the lawlessness and cruelty which prevailed there made me desire to avoid the place entirely. In my home we had no idea of such wickedness as it was said existed in that nation. Though I cannot believe all that was told me by my friends, I accepted enough to banish any desire on my part to do business on the other side of the line.

"One day—it is now nearly twenty years ago—some of my business friends and myself were sitting in one of the large railway stations near the border consulting about the delivery of our cattle during the next week, we having sold all our own stock and some more that we expected to be able to obtain, in a single bunch. Some of the party thought we should go to Russia, but myself and others thought Austria the best place to obtain the necessary quantity to fill our contract. It was just before the departure of a train for Russia that our conversation took place, and in the midst of it a young lady, dressed in rich clothing, entered the room in which we sat. She appeared bashful and excited, but finally went to the ticket seller and offered him a ring with a request in the Polish language which I did not hear. This man, however, handed her back the ring

with a shrug of his shoulder, which meant a refusal of her desire, whereupon the maiden burst into tears.

"I was sufficiently conversant with the Polish tongue as to be able to make myself understood. I therefore approached the lady and inquired of her as to the cause of her sorrow. She drew back timidly and continued to cry without giving me any answer. The ticket seller said that she wished to pawn her ring for a thaler as she had no money, and desired to obtain a pass. 'But,' he continued, 'I will not be taken in by a swindler in that way. The ring is very likely of poor metal and entirely worthless, and I have already been cheated too often by similar tricks.'

"What will you do with a thaler?" I asked.

"The young woman looked at me for a moment, as if in fear, and then said. 'I have either lost my purse or it has been stolen from me in the street; I only discovered that it was gone when I entered the station to purchase my ticket for P——, my home. In my hand satchel I have but a few pieces of silver, and I lack just one thaler to pay for my ticket. I do not know what to do; if I only knew some person who would loan me that much on this ring I would certainly redeem it as soon as I return home.'

"Her eyes, combined with her beauty, moved me, and I drew from my pocket two thalers, which I handed to her with the remark that she had better take that much, as she might need something else on the road, and she could return the amount to me when she arrived home. Nor would I show my lack of confidence in her by taking the proffered ring.

"She would not accept more than the amount required for her ticket, notwithstanding all my urging, and she was also very anxious that I should take the ring as security for the amount she had received, but this I absolutely refused to do, but gave her my address to enable her to send me the money again when it was convenient. She continued to thank me till I had to remind her that the train was about to start, and I escorted her to

the compartment she was to occupy, before she ceased to pour out her gratitude to me for the favor I had done her.

"When I returned to my companions they made fun of me for having taken up with so beautiful a young lady, but they had no other idea than that she was an adventuress, and that I would never again hear of the money I had loaned her. They said I should at least have taken the proffered ring as security. I finally became annoyed and forbade any further comments on the matter, for I had the greatest confidence in the honor of the young lady. When two weeks had passed away and I heard nothing from her, my confidence began to weaken, and at the end of four weeks I had lost all expectation of having the money returned, and had resolved that never again would I trust to appearances. I was not sorry because of the trifling amount, but because my confidence in human nature had been so sadly shaken, and I became the butt of ridicule to my companions. I had reached the position where I never dreamed of having this money returned to me, and especially under those which saw its return, and at a time when the services of the lady enabled me to escape from great peril. But thus it was to be, as the sequel will prove.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FINDING FAULT WITH THE PRIESTHOOD.

IT is with extreme regret that the presence of the spirit of fault-finding is noticed in the midst of Israel. This is not the first time this arch enemy of the Saints has tried to force an entrance into the household of faith, that he might stir up the inmates to rebellion. When journeying from Ohio to Missouri the fractious and unruly spirit made its appearance in Zion's Camp, and was quickly detected by the Prophet Joseph, who in a mild manner, rebuked the brethren and told them that unless they would repent and humble themselves before the Lord a scourge

would come upon the camp. But his counsel was unheeded, and a few weeks later, according to the word of the Lord through the Prophet, cholera broke out in the camp and raged fearfully for several days. Sixty-eight of the Saints were attacked with the dreadful disease, and thirteen died.

The same cause always produces the same effect, and, knowing this, we feel it our duty to warn the Saints against a persistent indulgence in finding fault with the Priesthood of God. We know from our own experience that the Saints in the nations of Europe have the most exalted opinion of the presiding Bishopric in Zion, and believe at least the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve Apostles are not far from perfection; but when they come here and find that these men are simply mortal like themselves—subject to and often overcome by temptation—they conclude that they have believed in vain and are ready to return to the lands from whence they came. In fact we now recall to mind the case of a young man who emigrated to Zion some years ago. He had been here but a short time when he began to notice what he termed “inconsistencies in the Priesthood,” in consequence of which he began to look upon that body with daily lessening favor and respect. It is a true saying that “the man who wants to beat a dog can always find a stick,” and so in the case of this young man. He went out to look for faults; he seldom came back without finding them—even sometimes in places where they did not exist—and he finally came to the conclusion that a universal apostasy had taken place in the Priesthood. Zion had now no charms for him, and he resolved to return to his native land, which resolution he carried into effect. He took back with him most unfavorable accounts of the Saints and their leaders, whose failing he used as a means of justification for his return. We followed him across the Atlantic; we watched his after life, and, while taking no pleasure in doing so, we bear testimony that in less than twelve months from the time he left Zion, he had become one of the most de-

based and debauched of men, a companion of men whose names were a disgrace to the community in which they lived.

This is only one out of the hundreds of cases which could be cited, where men, in rising up and finding fault with the Priesthood have incurred the displeasure of God, and been turned over to become targets for the buffetings of Satan.

It should be borne in mind that the authorities of the Church lay no claim to perfection, but admit that they are burdened with infirmities, by which they are sometimes overcome. The most obscure member can testify that since he or she became identified with the Church temptations innumerable—temptations which they had never before experienced—have been placed in their way to hinder their progress in the gospel, and if the powers of evil are so much concerned over an obscure individual, who holds no priesthood or position in the Church, how much more concerned must they be over those who are placed in authority and called of God to teach and lead His people? The gospel requires no blind obedience, but it does demand, and justly, too, respect and reverence to be shown to its ministers, and no man can disrespect the Priesthood of God and glory in the gospel.

How thankful we should be for an inspired Priesthood to carry on the work and prevent us from being carried away with every wind of doctrine, and instead of harping on the failings of these our brethren let us seek for their best points: but first of all let us learn to correct our individual errors, and if we do this we will have little or no time left to comment on those of our neighbors.

W. A. M.

THE bog of Allen, Ireland, is the largest unreclaimed bog, covering nearly a quarter of a million of acres. The heating power of peat is about half that of coal, and it forms a very valuable article to the poor Irish peasant.

LEAP YEAR SUPERSTITIONS.

ALMOST every reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR knows that each fourth year there is an extra day added to the usual 365 composing the year, and that the short month of February, which commonly has twenty-eight days, is favored during leap-year with twenty-nine. Younger children are taught that there are 365 days in a year; but when they become more advanced they learn that there are nearly six hours in addition to the full quota of days, which surplus in four years makes 24 hours, or one more day. And when they advance to still higher grades of astronomical and mathematical science, they learn that inasmuch as the surplus each year does not quite amount to six hours, so the addition of one day every four years would in the course of time throw us out of reckoning again. Hence it comes that to the general rule that in every case where the year can be divided by 4 without leaving a remainder a leap-year of 366 days occurs, there is one exception, the intricate causes of which we shall not now undertake to explain. None of you who read these lines will meet with that exception, for eight years at least; and by that time you will be better able to understand it than you may be now.

It was not of the cause leading to the arrangement of leap-year, but of the year itself and some of the opinions entertained concerning it that we wished to speak. In all times it has been associated with observances peculiar and diverse from those of ordinary years, and with traditions and superstitions at once amusing and ridiculous. An old Saxon explanation of the extra day, as given in the quaint language of the period, is as follows: "Some assert that the bissextus or leap-day comes through this, that Joshua prayed to God that the sun might stand still for one day's length that he might sweep the heathen from the land. It is true that the sun did stand still, but the bissextus is not through this, as some do think." The Romans believed the 29th of February to be a most

critical day, the chief and most serious among their list of unlucky days. A child born on that day was thought to be doomed to a life of great misfortune, if, indeed, it should be spared to live at all. The inhabitants of Tuscany even now treasure a tradition that either the child born on leap-day, or the mother giving birth to it, will not survive the year. There are some parents in our own land and time who are so silly as to regard it as an unlucky birthday, though of course there is nothing to justify any fear of the kind. Our readers will doubtless know among their acquaintances many who have a real birthday only once in four years, and they will find little, we think, to corroborate the theory that such persons have more than their share of misfortune. In the world's history there are not a few, men and women both, who though born on the ominous day, have rendered conspicuous service to their fellow-men, and have led prosperous and happy lives.

It is not so very long since the peasantry of England were wont to affirm that peas and beans planted in leap-year grow the wrong way in their pods—that is, the seeds are set contrary to the way they are in ordinary years. In Belgium the rural folks maintain that leap-year is not only unpropitious for all farming operations, but that throughout the year the young of the domestic animals will not thrive as at other times. A similar fatality, they argue, extends to every kind of grass and plant, which becomes stunted or is blighted before attaining its normal size. The same peculiar ideas prevail in Russia, Turkey, Tartary, India and Arabia. The Russian proverb says: "If St. Cassian (February 29) looks on a cow she will wither." In Arabia they say: "As weak as a bissectile camel," and in Turkey and Tartary they call all hunchbacks, dwarfs and other deformed men, women and children "leap-year freaks," but there are exceptions to this as well as to all other rules, for we find that in Italy, Greece, and Sicily the rural proverb says, referring to leap-year: "Plant much corn and vine, it's (the year) good for bread and wine."

We are inclined ourselves to think that if there is any advantage on either side of the controversy it is with the leap-year. If men seek to spend their days in doing good, they ought to view with peculiar pleasure such years as furnish them an extra day in which to perform works of righteousness.

TRUE ECONOMY OF LIFE.

THE true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents, and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincey pictures a woman sailing over water, awakening out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach: while she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Our days drop one after the other by our carelessness, like pearls from a string. As we sail the sea of life prudence requires a wise husbanding of time, to see that none of these golden coins are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagances against which there is such loud acclaim. There are thousands who do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight—drones in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey that honest workers wear themselves out in gathering, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are ten thousand idle, frivolous creatures who do nothing but waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and entice others to live as worthless lives as they do. Were every man and woman honest toilers, all would have an abundance of everything, and half of every day for recreation and culture.

The expenditure of a few dollars in matters of taste is a small matter in comparison with the wasting of months and years by thousands who have every advantage society can offer, and exact every privilege it affords as a right and that, too, without returning its value in labor.

ABOUT GIFTS.

“OH, I’m so tired of everything. This dull, monotonous life is so wearisome, washing dishes every day, and I just hate it. I wish I was smart enough to do something else. The folks seem to think that I’m only fit to wash dishes!” exclaimed a young girl as she threw herself into a rocking chair in a careless, dejected fashion.

Her mother, who had heard part of her remark, now entered the room, and looking at her daughter steadily, replied slowly, “Jane, my dear child, I am very sorry to hear that constant complaint. Try to be satisfied with your lot, and do not murmur about things we cannot change.”

“Mother, I would try to be satisfied, but, oh, how I wish I had some money! Oh, if we were only a little better off and I did not have to work so hard for everything I have! There’s Tressa, so talented and bright, that she can earn her living easily and dress so nicely, too. And Sue McMullin, think what a nice time she has; I wonder why I wasn’t born either smart or rich.”

“Are you sure,” the mother again answered, “that you have put forth every effort in the acquisition of knowledge? ‘Knowledge is power.’ Are you quite certain that you have no special calling to which you are adapted? Might not the fault be in the fact that you lack courage, self-reliance and decision to undertake some useful pursuit? It may be that you are not so bright or gifted as some others, and it may be that your life work will be in a different line to that you anticipate. Another thing, I am sure that you have no idea of what those girls of whom you speak have to meet.

“I know a young woman whom you often mention as being very captivating. She is so graceful in manner, so beautiful in form and feature that many persons have said of her, ‘She is a superior woman.’ She is cheery and pleasant, considerate of others, and, in short, she is a real lady. She is earnest and firm. But when she is perplexed in regard

to any question, or is in any doubt as to what course is best to pursue, she makes it a matter of earnest prayer. I have known her to fast for three days together in order that she might be guided in the right direction and know what course to take. Whatever she does, she does with her whole heart and with all her might. Wherever she is employed she spares no pains to please her employers. Is it any wonder, then, that she is beloved and admired by all who know her? Sore trials have beset her path, but she does not burden other people with recitals of her grief; yet she governs herself and therefore commands respect.

"Now, my daughter, I ask you to seek for light and guidance as she has done. Put forth your very best efforts in everything you undertake and a blessing will surely follow your course. We read in the Book of Mormon that even the gift of making money is a gift of God.

"And remember that where much is given, much is also required, and that of those who are talented and very brilliant, much will be required at their hands. I believe that every child of God has some gift or endowment, if only brought out and polished and made to shine. Do you see those bright red tulips flaunting their gaudy heads, as much as to say, 'My dress is richer than yours; I am higher than you are?' While the modest, retiring, yet fragrant mignonette attracts attention only by its sweet perfume. Thus, my dear child, often those who are most brilliant become proud and vain because of a little praise, and thus one of the sweetest graces—that of modesty—is gone. Therefore do not envy the gifted nor the brilliant, but you will find that by diligence and perseverance you have *some* talent which God designed you to work upon, cultivate and brighten. Thank God that your lot has been cast among His chosen people. Thank Him for your glorious opportunities of learning. Thank Him for your well proportioned body and that you are in possession of all your faculties. If you seek for it you may enjoy the gift of

discernment. And remember, that although wealth may give comfort, it cannot buy peace of soul. Happiness comes from within."

"Well, mother, perhaps I may be able to do some good; what do you think I am best adapted to do?"

"I think you are capable of making a good housekeeper, and there are other pursuits to which you might turn your attention; at any rate, whatever you do undertake, put your whole soul into it; ask God's blessing upon your efforts and you cannot fail to succeed."

"Mother, I am now determined to do my very best, and endeavor to make something of myself. At any rate I can try.

M.

COMPANION POEM TO ELIZA R. SNOW'S "INVOCATION."

OH my mother, thou that dwellest
In thy mansions up on high,
Oft methinks I still remember
When you bade your child good bye;
How you clasped me to your bosom,
Bade me a true son to be
E're I left my Father's mansion,
To dwell in mortality.

How you gave me words of counsel
To guide aright my straying feet.
How you taught by true example
All of Father's laws to keep;
While I strive in this probation
How to learn the gospel truth,
May I merit your approval
As I did in early youth.

'Tis recorded in your journal
How you stood by Father's side,
When by powers that are eternal
Thou wast sealed His goddess bride;
How by love and truth and virtue
E'en in time thou did'st become
Through your high, exalted station
Mother of the souls of men.

When of evil I've repented,
And my work on earth is done,
Kindest Father, loving mother,
Pray forgive your erring son.
When my pilgrimage is ended,
And the victor's wreath I've won,
Dearest mother, to your bosom
Will you welcome home your son?

William C. Harrison.

For Our Little Folks.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22th, 1732.

When a boy he was noted for truthfulness, and when he grew to manhood he was a planter with some knowledge of surveying and experience in the Virginia House of Burgesses, or Legislature.

At the age of thirty-one, Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent him with a message to the French commander on Lake Erie, demanding the withdrawal of the French soldiers from the ground which the English and French had discovered and were now in dispute to see which should rule. But the officers replied that the country belonged to France, and refused to withdraw from it.

In the year 1755, during Braddock's defeat, the whole army would have been destroyed but for Washington's courage and good sense. With his little body of colonial volunteers he rushed into the woods and held the Indians back until Braddock's regulars could retreat. Braddock was wounded and Washington took command in time to save what was left of the army.

In the winter of 1776, was a hard time for the Americans. New York was in the hands of the enemy, and

Washington with his ragged little army were going across New Jersey closely followed by the British.

Early in December Washington reached the Delaware River, and, getting all the boats that were in reach, he got his army across just as the enemy came in sight. He was safe now until the river froze over, and then he knew the British would come to Philadelphia.

Washington kept quiet until Christmas, when the river was full of floating ice and a great storm began. Nobody thought that an army would start out at such a time, and the Hessians at Trenton, who thought they were safe, were enjoying Christmas. As night came, in spite of the storm, Washington took an army across the river, fell upon the Hessians and took a thousand prisoners, also wounded the Hessian commander.

George Washington fought in a great many more battles and passed through many hardships which all go to show his love for his country.

In the year 1789, Washington, at the age of fifty-seven years, was chosen president of the United States. He did not wish to leave his home and engage in public affairs; but the country was in a bad condition and needed the services of the wisest and ablest men in the Union. The people were all poor, many of them did not take kindly to the new plan of government, and it needed the magic of that great name,

Washington, to make them contented with it. The people all knew that they could put their trust in a man so noble as he.

This being the first term for a president to serve, there were a great many things to be done, some of which were treaties to be made and money to be raised, which could only be done by such wise and skillful men as Washington, and at this time the people loved no other man as they did him.

As Washington was on his way to New York City, which was then the capital of the country, he was met by people everywhere with shouts and songs of joy. Women and girls scattered flowers before him, men and boys threw their hats into the air and cheered for him as he passed. The streets of the towns through which he journeyed were crowded with people who came out to welcome him. No other man could have done more to make the government popular than he did.

Washington chose the wisest men in the country as his advisers among whom were Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, and with two such men to help him he was able to bring prosperity to the Nation. He thus served two terms and was chosen for the third term but he refused. The management of his estate was more to his taste than the cares and perplexities of office.

He returned to his home, at

Mount Vernon, where he lived very peaceably until his death occurred, December 14th, 1799, at the age of sixty-seven years.

Such a man as he may well be called the father of his country for the love he showed towards it.

George Washington, although he has now left this world, his name and good deeds will forever live in the history of the country.

Lizzie Chisholm,

Age 16 years.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

MYRTIE, THE MORMON CAT.

I THOUGHT it might be interesting to the young readers of THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to read about a "Mormon" cat living in West Virginia.

Myrtie is a pet cat now in her thirteenth year. If I were to tell about half of her funny tricks, it would make this article too long; so I will only tell how she got the title of the "Mormon cat."

Myrtie, although friendly with children, never liked to be handled, and with grown people would never make friends. If a strange man came into the house, she would usually run up stairs or out of doors.

Last fall Elders Cornwall and Benson visited us, and instead of running away, Myrtie gave them a warm welcome in her way. In the

evening they sang for us, and Myrtie astonished us by jumping on their knees and seeming to be perfectly delighted.

We wondered if she would show the same kindness to other Elders.

Since that time Elders Pond, Brown, Layton and Cullimore have visited us, and each had been received by Myrtie with the same demonstrations of joy. When they sing she will go to each one in the house, who is not singing, put her paws in his lap, look up in his face and mew, as if inviting him to join in the singing. She will then go and take her seat on the knee of one of the Elders and apparently enjoy the singing as much as any of us.

A short time ago two of the Elders were with us. They went to visit one of our neighbors and stayed all night. When they returned next day it was touching as well as amusing to see the actions of the cat. She ran to them and mewed, then to me and mewed, as if trying to tell how glad she was to see them. When they go away she will go out and look around, then come in and mew, as if asking about them. I will have to go and get her something to eat to pacify her.

I think my young readers will agree with me that she has fairly earned her title of "The Mormon Cat."

R. P. Dayton.

Be good and you will be happy.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

My father once owned two colts which were greatly petted by the family. My mother used to water and feed them when father was away from home. She petted them a great deal.

Father is kind to his animals, but one morning he turned the colts out to water before going to work. He was in a hurry, and got out of patience with them, because they would not go back into the stable. The colts ran up and down the lot, and my father and brother ran after them. The more they chased them the more excited the colts got. Finally they got to throwing rocks at the colts.

My mother, looking through the window, saw them, and went out and asked what was the matter.

They told her what they wanted and she said, "I would like to see you do it."

At this my mother started after them. They were at the farther end of the lot. When they saw her coming they stood still, and when she got up to them they were puffing and foaming at the mouth. She took off her apron and put it around the neck of one of the colts and her arm around the other's, and led them up to my father.

After a while my father sold the colts. Three years later, one evening mother was walking down the street after dark, and she saw a horse following her, she could not think

what it wanted, so she stopped and let it come up to her. On looking close she found that it was one of the colts.

*Clara Whitby,
Age 10 years.*

ALPINE CITY, February 16th, 1892.

“A MOST INCORRIGIBLE DUNCE.”

AN Irish boy, when seven years old, was placed at a private school in Dublin. So dull and unpromising was he that the master, after a year's trial, pronounced him “a most incorrigible dunce.” In this opinion the boy's parents concurred. Thirty years after, people again passed their opinion about that “incorrigible dunce.” The British people pronounced him the most brilliant orator in the House of Commons, the brightest wit of the clubs, and the best writer of English comedies. That boy was Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The incident may be consoling to parents and teachers having to do with children whose intellect develops slowly. It is also a warning against the exhibition of impatience, or the pronouncing of hasty judgment, because a child does not learn so readily as his fellows.

If Sheridan's teacher and parents had observed him carefully, they would have seen that the boy, though dull in study, was quick-witted enough to hold his own with his school-mates.

One day the conversation among the school-boys turned upon the rank and wealth of their respective fathers. The son of a physician boasted that his father was “a gentleman, professionally attending several of the nobility.”

“And so is my father, and he is as good as your father, any day,” replied little Sheridan.

“Ah! but your father is an *actor*, Dick,—therefore he can't be a gentleman.”

“You may think so,” Sheridan quickly shouted, “but I don't. Your father *kills* people, mine only *amuses* them.”

THE JUMPING BEANS.

THE mystery of the jumping beans of Mexico has been solved, and the explanation is simple enough. There is in each bean a worm, whose instinct it is to skip so as to put the bean in motion. The insect gives motion to the bean by drawing itself into a close coil, and then suddenly uncoiling in such a way as to strike against the upper part of the cavity it occupies. In Mexico these beans in great numbers are to be seen skipping over the ground, under the trees upon which they are produced. They thus skip and roll along the ground until they lodge in some hole or cavity where they are likely to be covered with earth by the first rains. This is one of the many wise provisions of Nature for the planting of her seeds.

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

KEY G.

MUSIC BY A. S. SULLIVAN.

s : s	s : s	s : - . l	s : -	r : r	d : r	m : -	- : -
Bright-ly	gleams our	ban -	ner	pointing	to the	sky,	
m : m	m : m	f : -	f : -	t ₁ : t ₁	d : t ₁	d : -	- : -
O our	Fath - er	hear	us	at thy	sac - red	feet,	
d : m	s : d ¹	d ¹ : -	t : -	s : s	s : s	s : -	- : -
All our	days di -	rect	us	in the	way we	go,	
d : d	d : d	r : -	s ₁ : -	f : f	m : r	d : -	- : -
Then with	saints and	an -	gels	may we	join a -	bove,	

d : m	s : d ¹	d ¹ : -	t : -	l : l	m : fe	s : -	- : -
Waving	wanderers	on -	ward	to their	home on	high,	
d : d	d : d	r : -	r : -	d : d	d : d	t ₁ : -	- : -
Here with	heads re	joic -	ing	see thy	chil - dren	meet,	
s : s	s : s	s : - . l	s : -	fe : fe	s : l	s : -	- : -
Lead us	on vic -	tor -	ious	ov - er	eve - ry	foe,	
m : m	m : m	r : -	r : -	r : r	r : r	s ₁ : -	- : -
Offering	prayers and	prai -	ses	at thy	throne a	love	

r : r	s : r	m : - . f	m : -	s : s	d ¹ : s	l : -	- : -
Journey	o'er the	de -	sert	Glad-ly	thus we	pray,	
t ₁ : t ₁	r : t ₁	d : - . r	d : -	d : d	d : d	d : -	- : -
Oft - en	have we	left	thee,	Oft - en	gone as -	tray,	
s : s	s : s	s : -	s : -	m : m	s : m	f : -	- : -
Bid thine	an - gels	Shield	us	When the	storm clouds	roll,	
s ₁ : s ₁	t ₁ : s ₁	d : -	d : -	d : d	m : d	f : -	- : -
When the	toil is	ov -	er	Then comes	rest and	peace,	

l : s	f : s	l : s	f : s	l : s	f : m	r : -	- : -
And with	hearts u -	nit -	ed	Take our	heaven-ward	way,	
d : d	d : d	d : -	d : -	d : d	r : d	t ₁ : -	- : -
Let thy	spir - it	keep	us	In the	nar - row	way,	
f : m	f : m	f : m	f : m	f : m	r : r	s : -	- : -
Par-don	thou and	save	us	In the	last dread	hour,	
f : d	l ₁ : d	f : d	l ₁ : d	f ₁ : f ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : -	- : -
In thy	ho - ly	ci -	ty	there is	joy and	peace,	

CHORUS.

d : d	d : d	d : t ₁ - l ₁	t ₁ : d	r : r	r : d . r	m : -	- : -
Brightly	gleams our	ban -	ner	Point-ing	to the	sky.	
s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : -	s ₁ : -	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : -	- : -
m : m	m : m	f : -	f : -	f : f	f : f	m : d	m : s
Brightly	gleams our	ban -	ner	Pointing	to the	sky,	Wav-ing
d : s ₁	d : s ₁	r : s ₁	r : s	t ₁ : s ₁	t ₁ : s ₁	d : -	- : -
Brightly	gleams our	ban -	ner	Pointing	to the	sky,	

s : s	d ¹ : t	d ¹ : -	s : -	f : m	r : - . d	d ¹ : -	- : -
m : m	f : f	m : -	d : -	d : d	t ₁ : - . d	d : -	- : -
Waving	wanderers	on -	ward	To their	home on	high.	
d ¹ : -	s : -	s : -	s : -	l : - . s	f : - . m	m : -	- : -
wand -	ers	on -	ward	To their	home on	high.	
d : d	r : r	m : -	m ₁	l ₁ : r ₁	s ₁ : - . s ₁	d : -	- : -

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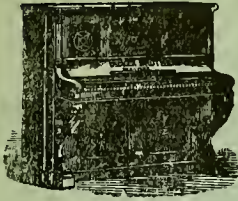
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